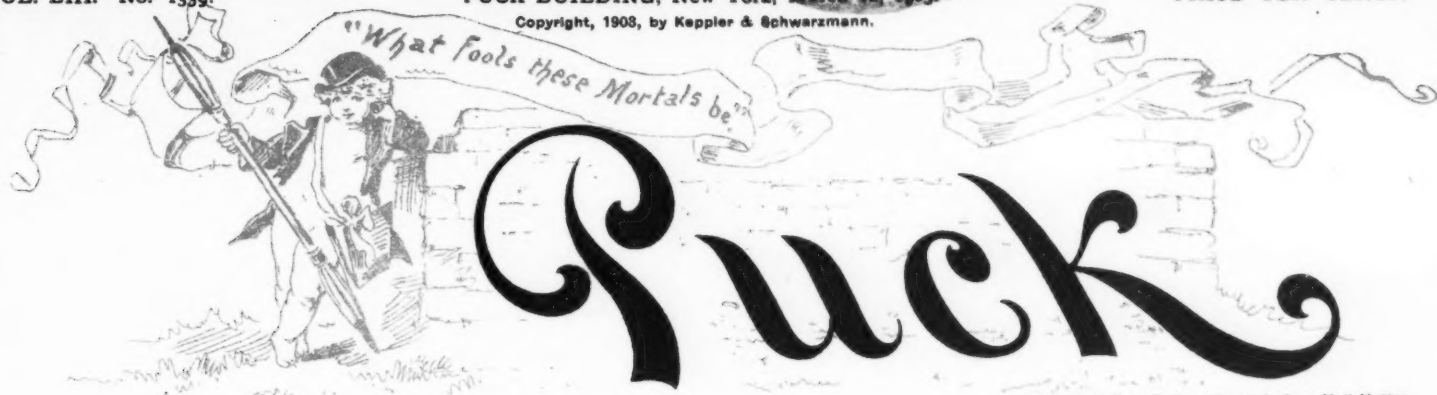


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Puck

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FLIRTATION.



LOVE'S CATEGORY.

I call sweet Madge a cat-ress
(First syllable quite flat;
It is not she, but I, who serves,
Which paste inside your hat).
Ah! Life 's to me a cat-a-comb!
To her, 't is comb-a-cat!

And I would break the dec-alogue
If I could only be
Prize winner in her cat-alogue—
Herself the prize, you see.
Her days then one sweet mon-ologue—
The "mon" supplied by me.

Edwin L. Sabm.

failure. Conservative observers shook their heads and said that after extraordinary prosperity there is always a reaction and predicted that dire things would follow the end of the deadlock.

As this history goes to press, we can only say that we shall see what we shall see.

Wm. E. McKenna.

It is not until the adroitest financier shall have married the cleverest woman at bridge that we shall witness the largest concentration of wealth.

A HISTORY OF DELAWARE.

DELAWARE was settled in the seventeenth century: Nothing else of interest occurred in the State until it began to have a Senatorial deadlock. This brought it prominently before the eyes of the world and got its name in the papers side by side with Venezuela and Macedonia and the New York police force. It was noticed that while the rest of the country was quite prosperous Delaware was particularly so. Money was occasionally tight elsewhere, but it was so plentiful in Delaware that members of the Legislature could hardly turn around without picking it up. Students of finance inferred from this that deadlocks increase the per capita circulation and contribute to the cheerfulness and material welfare of a community. Some agitators even proposed to organize a National party, the leading plank in whose platform should advocate deadlocks as a complete solution of the currency question.

It was observed, however, that there was a strong tendency on the part of people not in politics to go into politics. A growing sentiment in the State favored an amendment to the Constitution increasing the number of the members of the Legislature, so that every citizen who wished could become a member. People began to neglect the peach crop, forgetting, for the first time within the memory of man, to send out the annual predictions of

CRIMINAL ITEM.

Mrs. John Smith, of Olsonhurst, was attacked by a masked woman at her beautiful home last evening; and, after being beaten into insensibility, was robbed of her cook and second dining-room girl.

Several Society women who are known to contemplate entertaining this Winter have been locked up by the police.

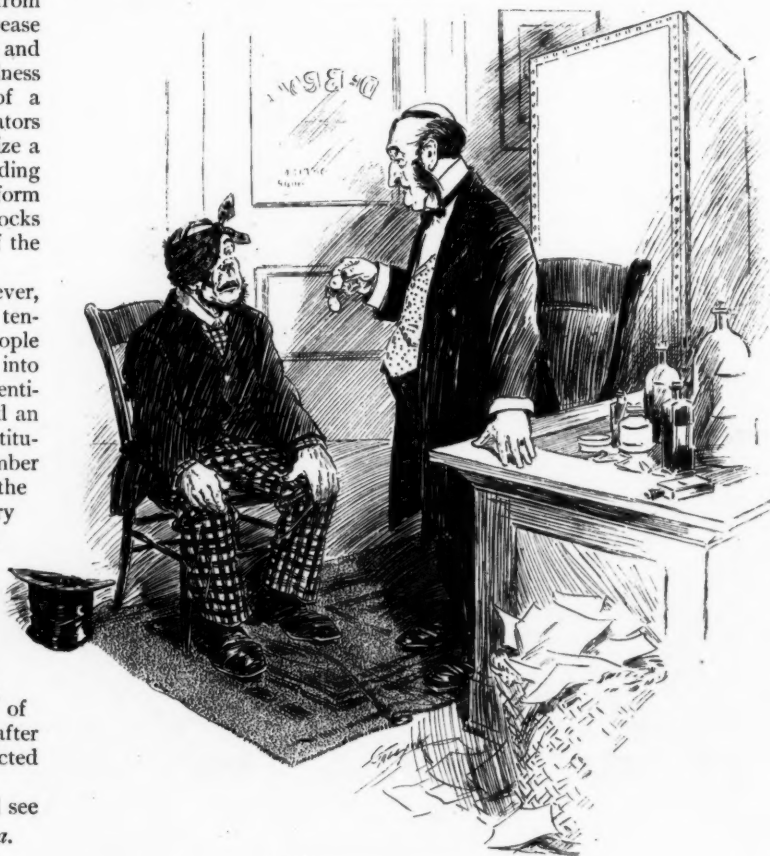
A RUSHING BUSINESS.

"I sent to you for a detective the other day, for some important work—"

"I know you did, sir; but I had none to spare; every one of them was investigating the career of some college athlete."

RURAL SARCASM.

"It is hinted," said grim old Farmer Flintrock, in the midst of his reading, "that William Jennings Bryan—in other words, the Democratic party—is figgerin' on havin' his barn painted a different color."

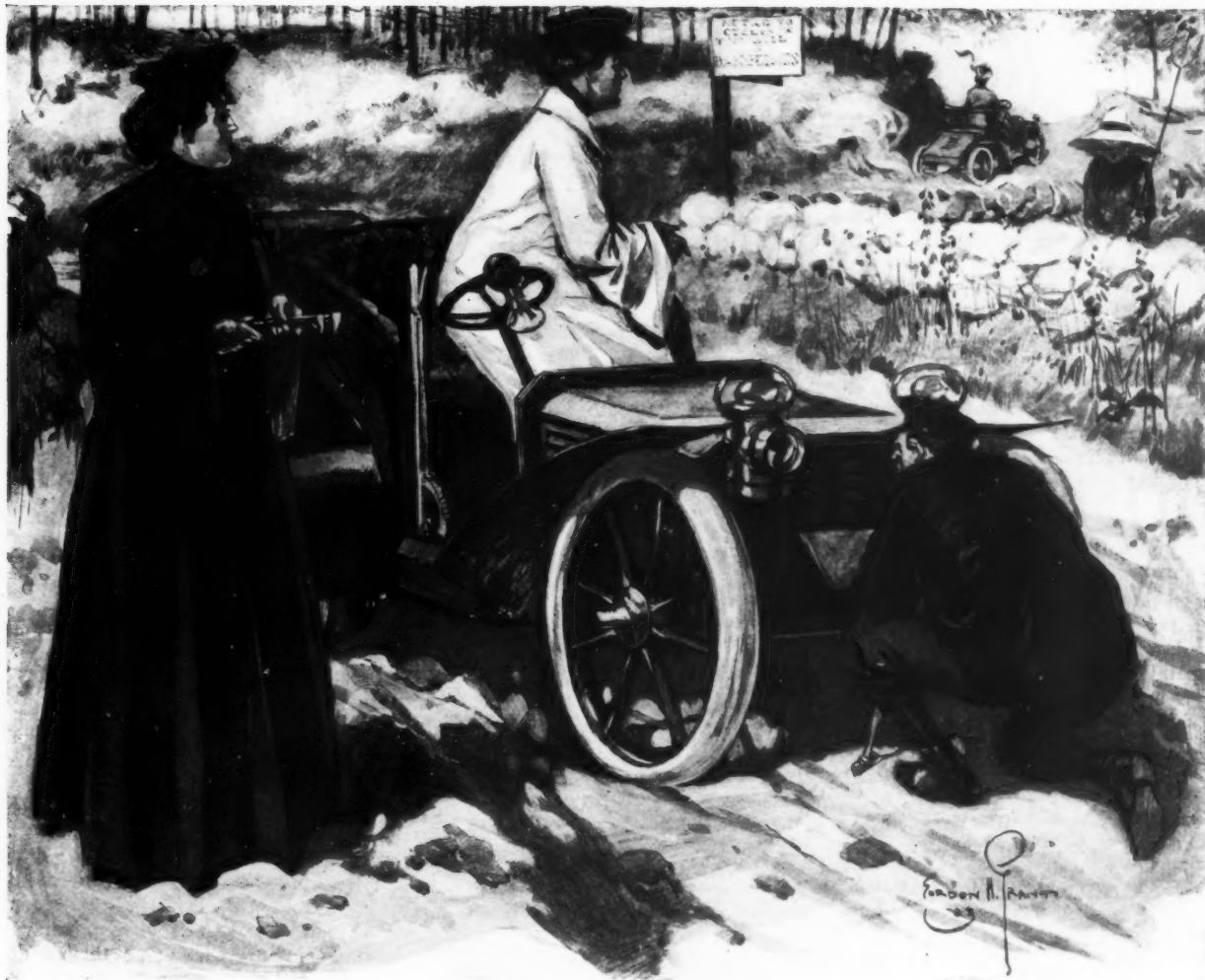


HOW ELSE?

DOCTOR.—You need to be treated for the whiskey habit.

PAT.—Begobs! That 's how Oi got ut!

PUCK



A MARKED RESEMBLANCE.

GLADYS.—She has named her auto after her ex-husband, the count!
 ETHEL.—And why?
 GLADYS.—Well! It is very fast and usually broke!

FLIRTATION.

DAN CUPID once besieged my heart
 Until I cried with rage:
 "Pray tell me, doughty little foe,
 If this is war you wage?"
 "Not so," the diplomat replied;
 "I really am afraid
 You quite mistake what's going on—
 It's just a peace blockade."
McLandburgh Wilson.

THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.

An honest farmer, so the story goes, went to a lawyer for some advice. He was in no particular need of advice, but he thought it would be a good thing to have in the house.

The lawyer wrote a few words on a bit of paper, which he gave to the farmer, charging him ten dollars.

When the farmer got home it was pretty late, and his boys and the hired man had about decided not to haul in the hay.

"We'll haul it in," said the farmer. "I have consulted a lawyer, and while I have n't read his advice, I have no doubt he tells me never to put off till to-morrow what I can do to-day."

Accordingly they all pretty nearly broke their backs and hauled in the hay. But it did not rain that night. Instead, the barn took fire and burned to the ground.

The next morning the farmer thought he would read the lawyer's advice, just for a cod.

It ran something like this:
 "Keep up your insurance."

IN BOSTON.

TEACHER.—What can you tell me about the sloth?

PUPIL.—Really, teacher, I must confess that I have been unable to give my natural history lesson the attention I am accustomed to bestow upon it; but I should infer from the name of the animal that its distinguishing characteristic is a constitutional tendency toward *ennui*.

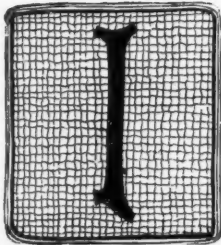


SEEING.

"Four aces, Jocko?"
 "Yes! You don't see a hand like that very often."
 "I should hope not. I could n't afford to see it very often."

Man is the only object in nature that decreases in size on a nearer view.

COMPETITION, THE LIFE OF TRADE.



IT HAD been raining all day, pouring down, so early in the afternoon I splashed through the puddles down to the store. It is true that there were other places in town where goods were hopefully offered for sale, but Uncle Ezra's was distinctively "the store," his being the emporium where you could buy anything from a toothpick to a million feet of hemlock, or from a farm to an onion. I was always eager to get there rainy days because ordinarily Uncle Ezra was too busy selling pins and crowbars, thread and logging chains, flower seeds and tons of coal to more than ejaculate an occasional chunk of wisdom like "Yep, virtue is generally its own reward, if you ain't mighty careful," into the conversation going on around the stove; but on rainy days he had more time, and frequently from the depths of his experience would bring to light an illuminating recollection which was worth going a good many miles through the wet to hear. This particular day the Trusts was evidently the topic under discussion when I entered and slipped into a seat.

"Well, I dunno," Uncle Hiram was saying; "I calc'late Trusts is either good or bad, dependin' mostly on the way they're run, an' dependin' some too on whether you belong to 'em or don't."

"I tell you, boys," asserted Uncle Ezra, positively, "that they're plumb bad, nothin' good about 'em, if for nothin' else because they kill competition. That's what's made this country great, competition has. It's competition that's kept us hustlin' an' b'ilin' around, sharpenin' our wits on its grindstone every mornin' as soon as we woke up, an' layin' awake every night schemin' up new ways of doin' the other feller, until we've bulged out with prosperity so's to be crowdin' other producers clean out of the markets of the world. It ain't native shrewdness, nor natural wealth, nor innate get there, nor nothin' else than that competition's so keen here we're more used to hustlin' than these other fellers. Now destroy our competin' among ourselves like these Trusts is doin', an' first thing you know we'll be satisfied to plough along in the same old furrow, an' some livelier nation that's been keepin' the fat off its ribs on account of home competition's bein' close will be buildin' our bridges an' shippin' us engines an' farm machinery. Yes, siree, it's competition that keeps a man or a nation from lettin' the dust settle thick on his old bald head."

"An' that reminds me of a couple of fellers



YOUTH'S BRIGHT PROMISE.

"You look very happy, little one!"

"Why! So I am, Uncle!"

"You ought to be. You have a great many meals before you!"

I used to know. Jim Budsall an' Aaron Froelick their names were. It's likely some of you older men mind 'em too 'cause they used to be awful promiscuous around here years ago. What happened to 'em points just the moral I'm makin'. They were tombstone men, but they were n't graven images not by a long shot. Talk about competition! Those two fellers were the keenest competitors ever slung hot words at each other an' taffy to a victim. As I was sayin', they represented rival tombstone companies, an' there was n't anybody kicked the bucket anywheres in this part of the state that both of 'em was n't at the house as soon as the undertaker, or sooner, strivin' with might an' main to sell a monument to the family; an' they'd do it, too, before they'd leave, 'less the bereaved ones would chase 'em out with a kettle of b'ilin' water. An' in that case, for that did happen

more or less frequent, you could bet one of 'em'd have that family under contract for a monument before the funeral sermon got preached, anyways.

"Sometimes it happened that, in their eagerness to get ahead of each other, they'd get premature an' arrive at the residence of the late lamented before there was any late lamented to clamor for a stone recordin' his virtues, but that never phased 'em any. They'd just perch around on the fences patiently waitin' till the candidate for a tombstone did turn up his toes, an' cheerfully puttin' in the time blackguardin' each other's company an' callin' each other vultures an' ghouls an' vampires an' a lot more such tender an' endearin' names. I remember one such occasion when the feller they expected to be the late lamented got so exasperated at the way they hung around that he got up an' emptied his shotgun at 'em. Jim told me later that it was n't so much havin' the bird-shot picked out of his anatomy that hurt, as it was havin' the shotgun artist get well after all an' not need a tombstone. 'I'll bet it was just to spite me,' says Jim, mournfully, 'because Aaron ain't got no more chance against the prices I can quote than I have of sellin' him his tombstone.'

"Their competin' got keener an' they certainly did sell a lot of tombstones between 'em. Why, it got so that 'most everybody had his stone already picked out an' had promised to buy it from one or the other of 'em when he died, an' some families, more accommodatin' than others, had one or two monuments ready stored in their barns in case of emergencies. Then there was an old man Jepson down here in the holler. He fell into what's known as a trance, so's everybody thought he was



ALL SHE ASKED.

"We'll try this pose, if you please, Madam."

"Very well. But, whatever you do, don't make me look stout!"



FORTUNATE.

"An' me Cousin Delia's lost her place an' we have her to take care av.
The misthress discharged her for loightin' the foire wit' kerosene."
"Faith! She was lucky to lose nothin' but her place."

sure 'nough dead, an' Aaron promptly sold his widder an expensive monument. The old man came to though on the way to the graveyard, an' it looked like Aaron would have to take back the order, but he tackled the old man himself, an' I 'm dumbbed if he did n't persuade him it was a charmin' parlor ornament till such time as he did need it.

"Well, the two of 'em were as brisk an' happy a pair of fellers as you ever saw, while they were competin' like that, but one day Jim he cinched a government contract to put up headstones marking all the graves of friendless soldiers buried in this neighborhood. Of course that kept him busy, an' pretty much left the general field open to Aaron, an' for a while he kept at it sellin' tombstones faster than they were needed. But it was n't long before he began waitin' till the funeral was over, then he got slacker an' slacker an' 'd wait till people sent for him.

"Aaron, I says, 'what's got into you? Why don't you chirk up an' get a move on? Why, I know a man out here on the pike who's had his mother-in-law buried now nigh twenty-four hours, an' you ain't been near him yet."

"Oh! What's the use hurryin'?" he says, listlessly. "I reckon she won't run away, an' I 'll get out there some day, if it ain't too far."

"I could n't believe my ears, but he kept on neglectin' business an' loafin' an' lazyin' around. Next he got to playin' dominoes most of the time down to the tavern, an' then he drifted away, an' I never heard what became of him.

"As for Jim he was n't any good after he 'd worked on his contract for a while neither. He kept gettin' fatter an' lazier, an' fatter an' lazier, till he got so folks actually had to go to him an' with tears in their eyes beg him to sell 'em a monument, an' then half the time he 'd forget to attend to it. It was awful to see the way he 'd degenerated. An' finally he up an' died. Doctor said it was fatty degeneration of the liver, superinduced by lack of exercise.

"An' that 's the way it is with this country," concluded Uncle Ezra, impressively. "Let these here Trusts choke off competition, an' this great an' glorious nation 's goin' to get to loafin' an' lazyin' around sayin', 'Oh! What's the use of hurryin'? I reckon she won't run away, an' I 'll get out there some day, if it ain't too far,' an' the next thing it 'll lay back an' die of 'fatty degeneration of the liver superinduced by lack of exercise!'"

Alex. Ricketts.



CRITICISM.

"And is it true that nearly all the people in the West can read and write?"
"Ay, my lord! But many of them read and write so much that they haven't time to think!"



A TEN-STRIKE.

MISS ALLIE.—My! But it *does* take a lot of practice!

TOM ALLDOWN.—Why, of course! Bowling is n't like beauty;—it has to be acquired.

A woman is as happy as she looks pretty; a man is as happy as he feels important.



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CAPITAL'S
COMING FATE.

SOUND MONEY and the sound of money are alike distasteful to William Jennings Bryan. If the Nebraskan's word is law, it will be easier for a camel to pass through any eye than for a rich man to enter the Democratic party. Such is the latest ultimatum and attached to it are various minor ultimatums, all rising in Nebraska and rolling eastward. Bryanites everywhere are urged to muster; Capital, hated foe, is again at large. Those whom he terms reorganizers, Mr. Bryan has ruthlessly exposed. He has caught them with the goods, so to speak; with an intention, base and treacherous, to shift their flag to "the moneyed interests." Not only have they repudiated Bryanism repeatedly, but in their presence as well, Wealth has been hailed as a good thing and they have not denied it. Is it a wonder, then, that Bryan, born and brought up a Populist, will smoke no pipe of peace? Or even take a whiff? The Democratic party, according to Mr. Bryan, wants nothing to do with Capital. Capital, invested, brings trade, good times, commercial supremacy, national prosperity;—but these things, however desirable, are plutocratic by nature and consequently out of the question. Capital, the real point is, was not endorsed by the Kansas City platform and, once for all, that dooms it. Democracy, on the other hand, is to flourish as men grow poor; adversity, not prosperity, being its final aim. The poorer one gets, the nearer will he be to perfection, while those with no assets at all will simply simplify Simplicity. If, where he can reach it, Judge Parker has any surplus silence, he should ship it, f. o. b., to Lincoln, Neb., at once. Don't wait. Send to-day. The need is urgent.

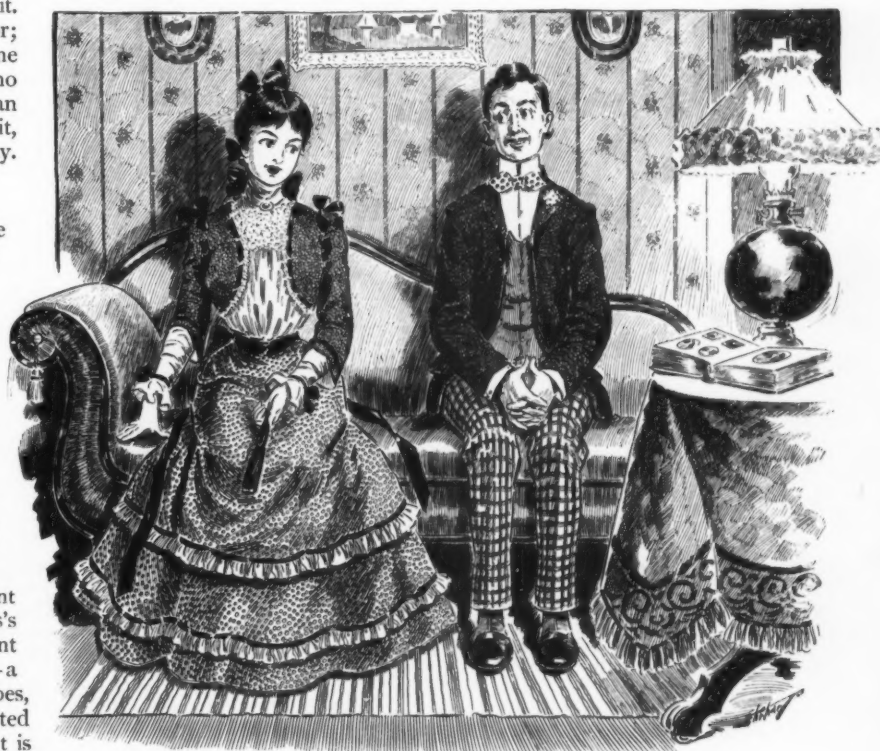
THE ADVERTISE-
MENT INFANT.

IN THESE Race Suicide days, the American Infant is an important person. That he will ever be obsolete, like the American Buffalo, we are unwilling to believe. And, statistics notwithstanding, the reason is plain. American Infants belong, and by rights should be separated, into two distinct classes: ordinary babies and advertisement babies. The former are numerous but decreasing, so it is said. The latter are fewer but gaining in numbers; and combining as they do the latest improvements in babycraft, Race Suicide is impossible, with such stock at hand. The Advertisement Infant needs no introduction. Already we are as familiar with his photograph as with those of sundry shoe men, and kind, philanthropic physicians. He is more than a prodigy. He is an intellectual marvel. At the age when ordinary babies say "goo" and "gr-r-r," the Advertisement Infant remarks as follows: "Yes; Mama has used Perkins's Velvet Soap regularly for weeks and fully confirms my judgment that it is matchless for the toilet and bath." Thus speaks—a specimen utterance—the Advertisement Baby. We know he does, because he is pictured speaking so and beneath his portrait, quoted unmistakably, are his very words. The Advertisement Infant is extremely versatile. Clad in his bib and tucker, he can recommend any article with fluency. His vocabulary, in fact, is astounding, as the back-pages of the magazines will show. Milk, toothpowder, linen, go-carts, baby food, soap—each he can discuss with admirable clearness. Smiling and nonchalant, he talks of chemical properties

and sanitary advantages. Indeed, there never *was* such a clever baby! The President, beyond doubt, was serious and sincere when he wrote of Race Suicide, but had he gone aft in the month's publications and carefully read therein the witty epigrams and learned theses of the Advertisement Infant, his fears on the subject would have vanished, we are sure. Then, instead of warning, he might possibly have praised.

AS TO PARLIAMEN-
TARY SANITY.

COMPLAINTS about the Senate are fast piling up. American in theory, it is charged with being most un-American in practice. It is difficult hereabouts for one man to rule, be he Walking Delegate or merely President, but the Senate is living proof that one man may block and obstruct, no matter how injurious to the nation and its welfare his blocking and obstructing may be. Morgan's stand on the canal treaty was a case in point. Yet Morgan, admittedly, was well within his rights. Hold ups, such as his, being legalized by Senate rules, blame belongs not to members who commit them, but to the Senate which sanctions them. Good may come from the acts of Morgan and other obstructionists, if thereby the Senate is induced to reform. At present, the outlook is doubtful. A year ago, if memory serves us, it held a carnival of boxing bouts, minus gloves or referee. This year it has varied the programme by giving tableaux; striking stand-stills in which Senate business, bills and legislation were checked indefinitely by this man or that; though always in accordance, bear in mind, with Senatorial etiquette. Of the two, boxing is our choice. Diverting at first, the tableaux grew monotonous rapidly, until now there is strong opposition to continued exhibits. Outside the Senate Chamber, the doctrine of majority rule has, at least, a fair chance to assert itself. It is the basis of politics, the essence of the ballot and almost as much a natural law, in this vicinity, as survival of the fittest. But inside the sacred chamber, unanimous or nothing prevails. Wise, indeed, was Providence when it passed natural laws by a different route. Pigeon-holed, otherwise, might they have been, pending unanimous consent. To the lay mind, there is but one way to treat the Senate. Regard it precisely as a jury and when it disagrees, dismiss it and swear in another. The alternative, however, is easier to accomplish. It consists of a calm reconstruction of Senate rules; a remodeling for which those of any juvenile debating society or young men's league will serve as a pattern. Restraint of trade in parliamentary sanity, the Senate ought not to encourage.



A GENTLE HINT.

ZEK'L.—You're the light of my life, Tildy
TILDY (contemplating the lamp).—Well, there's no use keeping
two lights going, then.



Ethel and Mama at Palm Beach.



Papa at Monte Carlo.



"Home, Sweet Home."

Eloise at the Seminary.



Sam Out West on the Ranch.



The pets boarding out.

"Home, Sweet Home!"



Herbert cruising in the Mediterranean.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

REPLIES OF A PORK-PACKER'S SON.

I.

DEAR FATHER:—

Having been deluged with good advice and enough sound maxims to last several lifetimes and having been the subject of your best thought for some time past, I have concluded to write a few notes myself. (You have always said that I was prolific in that direction.)

I have long ago concluded that I possessed at birth an advantage over you, namely, a rich father. The boys at college envied me this cherished possession all the time except once a week—when I got letters from home. I may mention that your epigrammatic epistles caused my tailor to remark that he'd have to have more than good precepts for his bills as his woolen dealer demanded cash for his account.

Since leaving the 'varsity eleven and quitting the lecture-room I have discovered that it is far easier to deal in

every form of hog, from a ham sandwich to a sow's ear, than to lead the hard life of a student. If you don't do the right thing on the eleven the trainer fires you and if you fail in your exams the faculty fire you, but at home, in the counting-room, everything goes, because "he's the old man's son." To go and get your pay-envelope once a week is a cinch alongside of reporting for lectures so many times a day.

Considering your teachings, on the whole, I agree with them, for are you not a living evidence of their worth? Dear Father, keep right on making the men toe the mark, and if a salesman does particularly well it is right to raise his salary. The more widely-known our trade-mark is, the safer it will be for me to run up bills at the club. You know that gives one standing in the community.

You see, Father, somebody in the family must uphold its social position or we'll be called "mere pork-packers," and that is something that a person of my delicate sensibilities could not stand. You stick to business and I'll hold up the social end and the time will come when our name will be equally conspicuous under the "Pork" and "Society" columns.

I'm off to the links, so au revoir.

REGINALD.

II.

MY DEAR FATHER:—

Your advice as regards early rising may be sound when practised in certain spheres—by you, for instance, who must be at the office early—but I fear that it does not suit my case.

I tried it the other day, ringing for my valet at 8:30.

After calling several times he appeared, rubbing his eyes (I had disturbed the poor fellow's sleep), asking, "Shall I call the doctor, sir?" I calmed his fears and informed him that I merely wished to get up. He is well-trained and asked no questions, but I could see by the way he eyed me during my breakfast, which I had him bring me, and in the evening when he assisted at my toilet, that he was uneasy.

I had headache all that day, Father, and



HARD LUCK.

ROLLO.—Poor girl;—just as she met her ideal, he—
DOROTHY.—Died?
ROLLO.—No;—met his!

GET A WOMAN in a logical corner, and she will say: "Don't be ridiculous!" and walk haughtily out.



A NATIVE.

THE POLAR BEAR.—These explorers make me tired! No real North Pole, indeed! Why, I climbed it hundreds of times when I was a boy!

got so sleepy towards midnight that I concluded not to follow that particular suggestion of yours in the future. I think that 10 o'clock is quite early enough for a gentleman to rise.

Several of my friends have suggested that I ought to have books in my library, which is a nice, cosy room. You see, there is quite a fad for reading nowadays. Not that I want the books to read, but they lend such an air to a room when placed on low shelves topped off with a few busts and bronzes. Then, you know, a 'varsity man is expected to have books about him.

I would not bother you about these details except that I must ask for something above my usual allowance to foot the bills. To do the right thing would cost about \$5,000, as bronzes are high and the Dingley Law imposes a large duty on foreign works of art. (Of course I would have no domestic goods.) Then, of course, the books, too, must be paid for. Should you find it impossible to spare the full amount, I could buy some very good books for less.

I must urge you not to overwork yourself. Suppose you should fall ill? Who would there be to assume active management of the business? You know that the very best of employees can not run things with the interest you take. If you will not be more careful of your health for your own sake, I beg that you will consider that my position in Society is dependent, to a certain extent, on the continued prosperity of your business.

Next week we are to give a reception to M. Casarré, the famous agitator, at the Club. I would send you a card, but I know that you can't get off in the afternoon. Affectionately,
REGINALD.

B. W. H.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but leaves enough uncovered to meet the requirements of gossip.



A FATAL EXCHANGE.

"TAKE BACK the heart which thou gavest!"
She said with a queenly air;
And she drew a heart from a case of hearts
On which were the words, "With care!"
With a hopeless pain in my bosom where
My heart had once beat high,
I took the heart from her hands and turned
To leave with a faint "good-by!"

Two years have passed since that fatal day,
Since my heart to my breast returned;
But who will tell of the anguish I
Have borne since my love was spurned?
My heart now flutters and throbs and sinks;
'T is disturbed, beyond hope of their art
Say the doctors—Alas! When she opened that case
She gave me another man's heart!

William Wallace Whitlock.

BOYS.

"My son," said the man, "here are a peck
of good apples. Here, on the other hand, is a
rotten apple. Kindly place the rotten apple among
the good apples and leave them thus for a week."

The boy would much rather have eaten the good apples
and thrown the rotten apple at the first party to pass with a
plug-hat on, but he was an obedient boy and did as he was
told.

When a week had passed, the man called attention to the apples.
"Observe," said he, "that all the apples are rotten. This is the effect
of mingling the good with the bad. Shun evil companions."

But the marble season was coming on and the boy forgot his father's
lesson. He shunned nobody and the result was that fourteen or fifteen bad
boys lost all their marbles playing keeps with him and saw the evil of gambling
at once; whereas, had the good boy held aloof they would probably have gone
on from bad to worse.

Moral: A girl may be a peach, but a boy is not an apple.

ETIQUETTE.

The ambassador's calves were no bigger
Than broomsticks. Imagine the figger
The foolish man cut,
In court dress. "But what
Do I care?" he exclaimed. "It's de rigger."

THE PERSONAL tax investigations indicate that a surprising number of non-
residents live in New York.



ALL FOR LOVE.

REDDY.—W'y don't yer never wash yer face?

PETTY.—Sh! I want me goil ter t'ink I'm a "chauffeur!"

Principe de Gales

NOW KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

Made in Havana and Tampa.

THE MOST POPULAR SIZES

Senator 10c.	Presidentes 15c.
Londres Grande Ex. Fa. 10c.	Perfecto 3 for 50c.
Crema de la Crema 2 for 25c.	Corona Especial 25c.
Perf. Excelentes 2 for 25c.	Invincibles 25c.

KEPT GUESSING.

CHURCHILL.—The pastor preached a very caustic sermon this morning that
seemed to be a slap at the congregation.

ASCUM.—That so? What was the text?

CHURCHILL.—I forget. I put in all my time wondering what his pretext
was.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SHE KNEW.

ETHEL (aged 5).—Say, Mama, I know what Santa Claus does after
Christmas.

HER MAMA.—What, dear?

ETHEL.—Looks for bargain sales of toys and dolls.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHENEVER we hear the description, "dim religious light," we wonder if
that means that the windows need washing.—*Atchison Globe.*

"Now," said the promoter, "we've got our new Trust started. All we
need is a good catchy title and we'll list the stock on 'Change.'"

"Why not call it 'Peninsula Stock?'" suggested the man who was wise.

"What has 'Peninsula' to do with it?"

"Well, a peninsula, you know, is almost entirely surrounded by water."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

No better Turkish Cigarette
can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New
York.



"Mother, where are the little red spots you had
on your face?"
"Gone, my darling. Sulphume and Sulphume
Soap have taken them all away."

THE REASON WHY!

SULPHUME

is a chemical solution of Pure Sulphur,
and when taken internally and applied
as a lotion will cure dandruff or any
skin disease; it is also a great hair
invigorator. Price \$1.

SULPHUME SOAP

stops itching and all skin irritations,
softens and whitens the skin, and has
no equal for the toilet or bath.
Prices: Perfumed Soap, 25c a cake;
Unperfumed, 15c a cake. Will mail
trial cake upon receipt of price.

SULPHUME SHAVING SOAP

is the perfection of soaps for shaving.
It is a perfect antiseptic, prevents
rash breaking out, cures and prevents
all contagious skin diseases, gives a
creamy lather and is soothing to the
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SULPHUME LITTLE LIVER PILLS

act directly on the liver, kidneys and
bowels, but do not gripe or nauseate.
Price, 25c.

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on care of the skin free.

M.A. Diaz Be sure this signa-
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otherwise it is not genuine.

Your druggist can procure Sul-
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Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

TURNED THE OTHER WAY.

"You can't judge by appearances, Paw," said Farmer Sorghum's eldest
daughter. "Beneath the roughest exterior may nestle the heart of gold."

The old man looked thoughtful.

"Thet sounds nice," he said; "but it seems to me it's jest the opp'site with
a gold brick."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



PROGRESS.

"How is Brassey getting along at golf?"

"Well, he can fozzle now without breaking his sticks."

A trial of two generations and more has been the
test that proves Abbott's the Original Angostura Bit-
ters to be the best tonic for family use.

WE ALL KNOW HIM.

TOWNE.—Some people consider him a selfish cad. What sort of fellow is
he, anyway?

TOWNE.—Well, he's the sort of fellow who delights in getting a hair-cut
and a shampoo during the Saturday rush while you're waiting to get shaved.—
Philadelphia Press.

WHY HE LACKED STYLE.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Now, you just get out!

TRAMP.—You should n't judge of me by my disheveled appearance, Mum.
I came to town in a sleeping-car and neglected to fee the porter, Mum.—
New York Weekly.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any
paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED
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It takes but three words with-
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The Perfect Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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Lies flat to the leg—never
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Geo. Frost Co., Makers,
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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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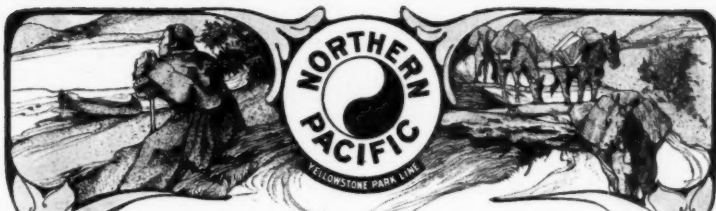
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Will be Ready about MARCH FIRST

In it the Northern Pacific furnishes this entirely new series of articles, descriptive of the Northwest.

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Relates the travels and captivity of Father Hennepin, the Franciscan Priest, among the Indians in the Minnesota country in 1680. Hennepin wrote the first description of Niagara falls and discovered St. Anthony fall.

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Describes a visit to the tribe of Mandan Indians, memorable in the annals of Lewis & Clark, and some of whom still live on the upper Missouri river.

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Which is Yellowstone Park, is newly described and illustrated. The Government is spending large sums in improving the roads in this WONDERLAND.

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Shows the great progress made in irrigation in the far Northwest, and its adaptability to this region.

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Recounts an experience in the rough mountains of the Clearwater country, Idaho, with a pack train, while engaged in exploration.

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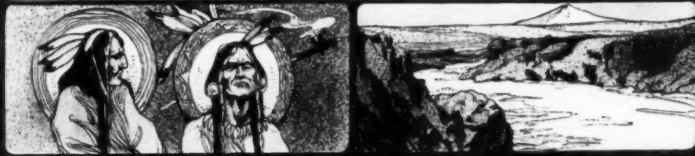
Describes that part of the Puget Sound region lying west of the Sound and in the vicinity of Port Townsend—an ideal health resort.

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Tells of the finest river and river scenery in the United States and one of its grandest snow capped mountains.

THE BOOK IS APPROPRIATELY ILLUSTRATED, ALSO HAS MAPS AND GIVES TOURIST RATES TO ALL POINTS IN THE NORTHWEST.

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Saint Paul, Minnesota.



INVARIABLY SO.

"Human nature 's a queer thing, especially female human nature."

"What are you thinking about now?"

"For instance, if a young man tells a girl, any girl, that she 's altogether different from her sisters she always takes it as a compliment."—*Phila. Press.*



PLAIN TALK.

THE MISERLY TRAVELER.—Be careful with that trunk, you vagabond!
I would n't have it fall for ten shillings.

THE PORTER.—I doubt not;—but a shilling in time might save nine.

Vigor of mind and strength of body are attendant upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The great rejuvenator. At druggists and grocers.

Don't be deluded into trying European makes, when the best is American. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

SHAVING
AND
HAIR
DRESSING

WILLIAMS
SHAVING
SOAP
USED
HERE



"YES—

this is the shop I am looking for. Here I am sure of a safe, refreshing shave. Moreover, I never knew a barber who used Williams' soap, who wasn't a first-class barber."

I am not 'taking chances' on shaving soap, for I realize the danger of 'cheap soaps.'

Barbers who consider the safety and welfare of their patrons, always use Williams' Shaving Soap.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS' CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

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MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED.

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Pears'

was the first maker of sticks of soap for shaving. Sticks in 3 sizes; shaving cakes in 3 sizes.

Pears' soap established over 100 years.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keepers' Friend

lasts. It will shine on all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 296 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

It is a mistake to suppose that the life of the man of gall is bitter.—*Birmingham News.*



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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Dainty, Delicious, Digestive

THIS PHENOMENAL FRENCH LIQUEUR FOR 300 YEARS HAS BEEN THE PREFERRED AFTER-DINNER CORDIAL IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS OF EUROPE AND ELITE OF THE WORLD'S SOCIETY

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
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"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

CONVINCED.

"Do you read Dickens?"

"No," said Mrs. Cumrox, rather loftily.

"Perhaps you are one of those who do not regard him as representing the best literature?"

"I am. I have seen his books offered for sale as cheap as twenty-five cents a copy."—*Washington Star.*

"WHAT a noisy thing that bass drum is," remarked the clarinet, disgustedly.

"Yes," replied the trombone; "just like a human being, is n't it?"

"Like a human being?"

"Yes; it's the one with the big head that makes the most noise."—*Philadelphia Press.*



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Scotch Whisky
Distillers

By Royal Warrant to His Majesty
King Edward VII. and the
Royal Family

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Sole Agent for the U. S., New York



PROBABLY NOT.

"It's lucky I saw you first, Mr. Owl! If I had n't, I'm afraid there would n't be anything to arbitrate."



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FREE with "Flexo" Garters

FLEXO are the only garters that fit the leg without binding or chafing, grip the hose without tearing and give absolute satisfaction in every respect.

They cost but 25 cents and every purchaser is entitled to a complete course of physical culture by mail. Get FLEXO GARTERS from your dealer and send us the little ticket contained in the box. Or, if your dealer does n't sell them, send us his name and 25 cents and we will forward the garters and place you on the physical culture list.

The Physical Culture Course is absolutely Free—no charges whatever.

A. STEIN & COMPANY, 260 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

If a bride is real enthusiastic, the big black kettles in her kitchen look "cute" to her.—*Atchison, Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

There's Something Good
For You in

EVANS ALE

Nature's Tonic
for the Strenuous Life

Any Ale-Seller Anywhere.



The Prudential Insurance Company of America, with its characteristic promptness, has paid all the policies carried by that Company on the lives of those persons killed in the New Jersey Central Railroad disaster near Westfield on January 27th.

Of the twenty-four persons killed, six had policies in The Prudential, and that Company, immediately upon learning of the accident, notified its representatives located at Plainfield to hasten in every way possible the filing of proofs of death at the Home Office of the Company in Newark, in order to expedite the payment of the insurance money to the afflicted families.

In some cases the evidence by which the victims could be identified was very meagre, but the Company gathered all the information it could and paid the claims. An idea as to how vague were the means of identification may be had from the fact that the Company ordered the money paid on the life of one victim of whom nothing was recognizable but the fillings of his teeth, which were identified by a local dentist.

Another policy-holder's remains were burned beyond recognition, but the Company paid the claim because of a ring worn on the finger bearing the initials of the deceased. The unfortunate engineer, James F. Davis, through whose negligence it is alleged the disaster occurred, was also a policy-holder in the Prudential, and his beneficiary received the money as soon as the claim papers were filed.

Needless to say, the promptness with which The Prudential settled these claims shows that it is seeking the best interests of its policy-holders in every way possible.

Its policies are issued in amounts from \$15 up to \$100,000 on the lives of persons who are between the ages one and seventy, and to both sexes, thus bringing the benefits and privileges of its great system of life insurance within the reach of all. Persons desiring further information should address the Home Office of the Company at Newark, N. J.

Between New York and Chicago in 24 Hours...
Via New York Central—Lake Shore Route,...

"LAKE SHORE LIMITED."

ANOTHER FOOLISH QUESTION.

Of course, no beef trust plied its trade
In that old Roman state;
Else how had Caesar found the meat
On which he grew so great?
—Washington Star.

NO CHARGE FOR HEAT.

RELATIVE.—You have put up a
stove in this room, I see.

HOSTESS (who lives in a steam-
heated flat).—Yes; that is so baby
won't catch cold when he touches the
steam pipes.—New York Weekly.



Londonderry LITHIA WATER

surely goes straight to the
right spot at a thirsty time.
There is nothing else in the
world so gratifying as this
pure, sparkling and most
healthful of table waters.



THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails.
Years of experience have made
them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS
that they are. Do not be lured
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ORIGINAL of anything is good
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it is for the purpose of larger prof-
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Whiskey.

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HOW TO DISCOURAGE TREATING.

GAYBOY.—Have a drink with me?

HARDHEAD.—Certainly! Here 's to
you!

GAYBOY.—Ah! That 's good.

HARDHEAD.—First-rate. Order
another round if you like. I belong to
the Anti-Treating League, and have
promised not to treat, but there is
nothing in the rules about accepting
treats. Order right along, old boy.
You pay, and I 'll drink.—New York
Weekly.



ALL A JOKE.

MRS. HOMESPUN.—Josh writes from Paris that one o' his pictures
is going to be hung.

MR. HOMESPUN.—He must be jokin', Jane;—they use the guillotine
in Paris!

EVERYONE ASKS "HOW FAR?"

THE *Veeder*
ODOMETER

TELLS THE DISTANCE EXACTLY

MOST leading manufacturers recognize the value of
the Veeder Odometer and fit it on your vehicle, so
that you get it free. The maker who fits a Veeder guar-
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Makers of Cyclometers, Odometers, Tachometers.
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contain well defined
traces of lithia and are alkaline. This is used with great advantage in Gouty,
Rheumatic, and Renal affections. IT IS THE BEST TABLE WATER KNOWN
TO ME, AND I HAVE SOME EXPERIENCE OF THEM ALL."

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"I use and pre-
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WATER, in preference
to all others. It is a perfectly pure water, and exceedingly palatable. It in-
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ACIDS of WINES and LIQUORS, enabling many persons, especially the Gouty
subject, to indulge in these with impunity, whereas they would otherwise be inhibited."

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40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTARELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

NECESSARY, IN FACT.

When Cupid starts one thinking
Of kissing to be done,
Ah! Then two heads are better—
Oh! Better far than one!

Philadelphia Press.

NOT QUITE.

New York is called a wicked spot.
Of course, it is not sainted;
And yet we know the town is not
As red as it is painted.

—Philadelphia Press.

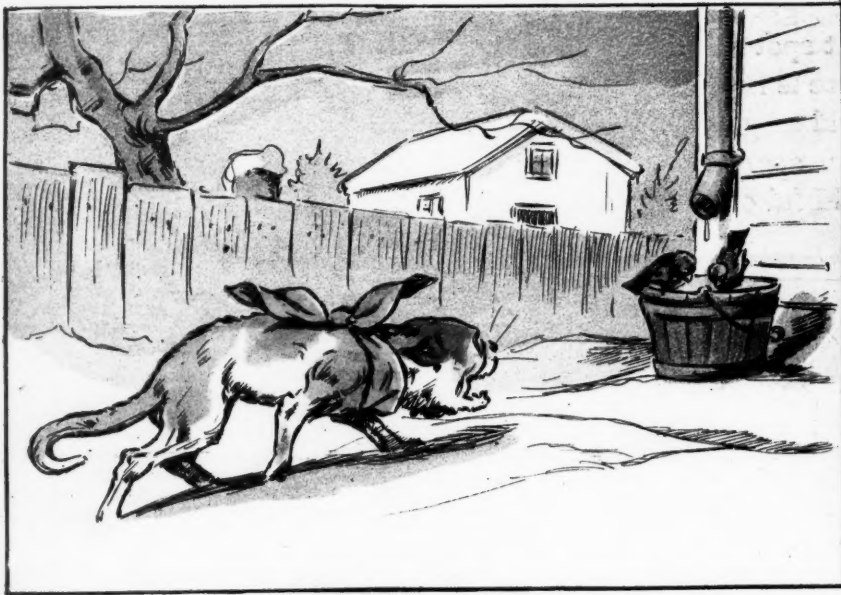
A FELLOW sojourning in Fla.
Got his bill from the clerk in the ca.
And the more things he read
The more things he read,
And the latter grew torrid and ta.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Sohmer Piano is a wonderful instru-
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I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

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A BIRD IN THE PAW IS WORTH TWO IN THE PAIL.